


Graphic Horror
Movie Monster Memories


Schiffer

John Edgar Browning

0040826

Graphic Horrors

MOVIE MONSTER

MEMORIES



4880 Lower Valley Road • Atglen, PA 19310



Graphic



MOVIE

MEM

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IN MEMORY OF
Martin H. Greenberg
(1941-2011)



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My initial outline for this book called for concisely written histories to accompany the illustrations, providing what I hoped would be a sort of introductory guide to the meaning and importance of these films as cultural artifacts by emphasizing their historical background and international currency. In lieu of this approach, however, I have chosen instead to commission seasoned, as well as aspiring horror fiction writers, editors, and anthologists of horror and fantasy, and academic scholars who treat the subject of horror. They include (alphabetically) along with their website information:

Glennis Byron (<http://www.english.stir.ac.uk/staff/glennis-byron/index.php>)
Ramsey Campbell (<http://www.ramseycampbell.com/>)
Mort Castle (<http://mortwrites.freesevers.com/>)
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Jesse Stommel (<http://www.jessestommel.com/Home/Home.html>)
Tony Timpone (http://fangoria.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=3187&Itemid=236)
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Jeanne Keyes Youngson (<http://www.benecke.com/stoker.html>)

These fine people have generously supplied the commentary included herein, and their doing so has made the present volume a thousand times more enjoyable and valuable for readers. Also deserving of thanks are my esteemed friend David J. Skal and the truly great Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, who supplied the Foreword and Afterword, respectively. Finally, this volume would be entirely impossible without the fine studios and distributors whose films and images are chronicled in these pages.

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F

FOREWORD

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES;
OR, THE MERCHANTS OF MENACE

David J. Skal

Strange as it may seem in today's world of ubiquitous on-demand video, movie fans didn't always have easy access to movies. For most of Hollywood's golden age, films inhabited our consciousness within the confines of darkened theatres for a week or two; the rest was blindness and silence. Outside of major cities, revivals and retrospectives were virtually unknown before the 1960s, and unless you had your own 16mm Bell and Howell Filmosound projector and knew an eccentric film collector willing to lend some of his stash, the occasional television broadcast, mutilated with commercials, was the best chance you had to enjoy the company of your most cherished movies. Silent 8mm reductions of the Universal horror classics were available for home use, but they ran only about ten minutes and, like bad Chinese food, left you feeling even more famished. The film I wanted to see most in the early 1960s was *Dracula* with Bela Lugosi, but for whatever reason, Cleveland's television stations weren't showing any of the Universals. Once, upon learning that the film was being shown in Erie, Pennsylvania, I constructed an add-on to my family's rooftop TV antenna that made it resemble one of the electrical kites from *Bride of Frankenstein*, but the experiment was a failure.

My own professional life has been divided fairly equally between movies and the stage. Like Prospero's fictional revels in "The Masque of the Red Death," live performance always ends on a note of existential emptiness — the settings are struck and the company disbands, leaving the auditorium "untenanted by any tangible form." Torn ticket stubs and souvenir programs and posters are about all one retains in the way of Proustian madeleines. The staged event itself is truly *perdu*. Motion pictures get lost, too (actually, half the films ever made are gone forever), but there is always at least the possibility of revival, or, at the very least, ongoing reverential homage.

One stubborn subset of cinephiles resisted the '50s/'60s access embargo with special gusto. Horror, fantasy, and science fiction aficionados were (and are) among the most obsessive and tenacious people in the world. The culture that grew up around monsters drew its energy from promotional ephemera — publicity photos, posters, and advertisements — that formed the backbone of publications like Forrest J Ackerman's *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. The overhead for magazines like *Famous Monsters* was negligible, since most of the content



Forrest J Ackerman

derived from public domain photos, pressbooks, and posters. These all combined to create a powerful mystique for films that were for the most part missing-in-action (and frequently mystiques that the films themselves didn't really deserve).

Given all the ritual fetishization, it's no wonder that fantastic film memorabilia have consistently held their own, commanding record sales at auction. Prestige golden-age films like *Citizen Kane*, *Casablanca*, and *Gone with the Wind* all have their cult followings, but no one has ever spent \$453,500 on a poster from one of them — as someone actually did for a one-sheet display from Boris Karloff's *The Mummy* (1933). In fact, the top-grossing poster auctions of all time are overwhelmingly artifacts from the cinema of mystery and imagination: *Metropolis* (1927; \$690,000); *Frankenstein* (1931; \$198,000); *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935; \$334,600), *King Kong* (1933; \$244,500), *The Black Cat* (1934; \$286,800), and *Dracula* (1931) are just a sampling from the top dozen or so sold since the 1990s. It's hard to think of a safer investment in our current apocalyptic economy. I've known people who have moved dwindling 401K assets into horror memorabilia (something like storing precious metals in Dracula's crypt for supernatural safekeeping). And so it shouldn't be surprising that in 2010, federal charges were brought against a Georgia poster dealer alleged to have defrauded eBay customers to the tune of a million dollars with clever forgeries of vintage posters and lobby cards from Universal horror classics like *Son of Frankenstein* (1939), and *The Mummy's Hand* (1940), and *The Wolf Man* (1941).

The monetary value placed on horror says much about our cultural priorities and preoccupations, as well as the stories we like to tell about ourselves. Throughout the twentieth century, the stories were anxious and strange, befitting the most mind-bogglingly macabre

century in human history. Science fiction and horror posters provided freeze-frames of our most deeply felt anxiety dreams: narrative tableaux depicting various forms of predation and dehumanization (feasting vampires, zombies starved for human brains, aliens taking over the world — or at least our minds — people metamorphosed into animals, or machines). It all looked like an alien world, but in point of fact, it was our very own.

Posters from the 1920s and 1930s benefited from the stylish design sensibility popularized by European artists and lithographers, many of whom resettled in America between the wars. Their work in Hollywood was energized by the conventions of pulp magazine illustrators. The fact that poster work was considered ephemeral led directly to their scarcity, and their collector's market value. Some of the most spectacular, large-scale work took the form of 24-sheet billboards, which of course were routinely papered over from week to week. Virtually none survive, except in photographs.

Posters of the 1950s — the decade in which I first became aware of movies, and their magic — are especially notable for their celebration of postwar abundance, which, for the first time in the history of Hollywood ballyhoo, focused on the iconography of the female breast as an all-purpose tool for celebrating and promoting the good life. The visual delirium wasn't limited to Hollywood; even automotive styling became suggestive of the female form. Howard Hughes's *The Outlaw* (produced during World War II, but not widely released until 1946, and then with a celebratory flourish — "The Movie that Couldn't Be Stopped!" — as if some enforced rationing of the female form had finally come to an end). *The Outlaw* was the first film to spotlight the headlights of its full-figured star (Jane Russell), and both the picture and its advertisements caused

no small share of moral outrage. Soon, breasts were boomeranging everywhere in '50s visual culture, especially in genre film promotion, where bug-eyed monsters (known affectionately to fans as BEMs) pursued the bugging breasts of space-age women strapped into nose-cone brassieres. The graphic results were less a Rorschach test than a great collective mammogram of the popular imagination.

Breasts have never appeared as anxious or strange as the ones sported by Bela Lugosi's unconscious victim on the one-sheet from *Bride of the Monster* (1955). I bought mine mail-order from the legendary memorabilia emporium Movie Star News in New York City for a just few dollars. (Had I not lost it in an apartment move, it would be worth several thousand today. But that's another horror story.) Movie Star News was an offshoot of, or perhaps just a front for, proprietor Irving Klaw's major interest: hawking fetish pinups of mid-century cheesecake cuties (like the "notorious" Bettie Page) striking poses of dominance and submission for select and discriminating customers.

As a poster, *Bride of the Monster* was a collector's compromise, at least for the time. The words "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" (as in "More Terrifying Than") were evoked, but not very convincingly. *Bride of the Monster*, which I did manage to finally see on late-night Cleveland television, was a terrible movie. It had not yet been reclaimed as "camp"; Susan Sontag had only just published her famous essay on the subject in 1964, and at the age of twelve I wasn't reading the *Partisan Review*. I was reading *Famous Monsters of Filmland*.

I do not know exactly how many times I opened and closed the folded poster over the years, but toward the end of my custody, the creases were coming apart. Obviously, I looked at it a lot. Obsessively. Like some kind of treasure map whose secret information could only be



Bride of the Monster.
Rolling M. Productions (1955).

divined through intentional eye strain. The mad scientist Dr. Eric Vornoff (Lugosi) was carrying a girl with high heels and a clingy dress either into or out of a swamp; it wasn't clear which. There was an actual swamp in the film, but for iconographic purposes, the wetness might as well have been Lugosi's own lascivious drool. It's doubtful the artist even saw the movie; Lugosi's image seemed to be based on a photo taken much earlier in his career. Everything was orange and green, the color of 3-D comic books, but without the 3-D.

But back to the breasts. I also wondered if the illustrator had ever actually looked at a real woman, because both the woman's breasts were on the left side of her torso, while her throat angled off insanely toward her right shoulder. As a gay teenager just beginning to come to grips with my own sexuality, I already knew that female flesh in magazines and posters wasn't particularly arousing. But in this case, what about straight guys? Did they even know what they were *looking* at? Were wildly asymmetrical

mammaries genuinely erection-producing? Better than regular ones?

Had there been a corresponding level of beefcake in the horror posters and monster magazines, no doubt I would have been reading *Famous Monsters* exclusively with one hand. However, one place I did find a sexy nexus for cold-war horror, a place where atomic blasts and orgasms truly overlapped, was in a family medical guide my parents kept in the back of the linen closet. The straight sex information was pretty tepid — there was an evocative line in an otherwise dreary chapter called “Facts for the Barren Woman” that mentioned, only in passing, *the insertion of the penis*, but the steamiest discovery was a fully illustrated appendix on surviving a nuclear attack. After the blast, the reader was told in no uncertain terms to find the nearest public restroom, strip off all your clothes (“Do *not* let a sense of false modesty prevent you from taking these life-saving steps!”) and wash off the fallout with whatever soap and water was available. And there was an illustration of a naked man doing exactly that, lathering up in front of other frantic naked strangers, his crotch hidden by the suit and fedora he had draped over a chair.

Now this was pretty *hot*, and certainly more evocative to me than the queasy admixture of nuclear terror and sexual panic evidently intended by the straight-themed sci-fi posters. I pulled out that book many times for what I realize now was the biggest visual turn-on in my life in the years before I managed to get a glimpse of actual pornography.

I was careless with the *Bride of the Monster* one-sheet, and ultimately lost it during a move. I acquired other random posters over the years, but none engaged and fascinated me as much. Posters generally have gotten a great deal less interesting as photography has almost completely replaced illustration. Posters no longer serve the function of standing in for an elusive experience; indeed, if the poster’s out, the film itself is probably showing on thousands of screens, and might even be available soon for downloading directly to your smart phone. The kind of top-notch talent that used to design movie posters has long been chased away to the realm of dust jackets and CD covers — quite a shaky realm these days, as our personal libraries and music shelves increasingly evaporate into digital clouds. As much as I enjoy accessing almost any movie released on DVD through Netflix, it’s always with a distinct twinge of loss that I pop a naked disc into the player with no clamshell art or liner notes to peruse. Those low-resolution, matchbook-sized jpegs that pop up as thumbnails aren’t anything I can hang on my wall.

Those classic Universal posters remained forever out of my financial reach, but my frustrated collector instincts stayed strong. I worked in the professional theatre for many years, and it was there that I was first exposed to the poster work of macabre Polish masters like Franciszek Starowieyski and Wieslaw Walkuski, both of whom can transform anything in the standard theatrical or operatic repertoire into something evocative of a horror movie. They’re artistically superior to anything ever produced in Hollywood, yet share the same morbid sexuality and sense of impending apocalypse that riveted my attention during the Cold War (Starowieyski’s work in particular emphasizes breasts and nightmarishly mutating women). Fortunately, during the 1980s, several book-research trips to Europe allowed me to amass a moderately impressive collection of those strange Polish graphics, which I obtained for a song in Left Bank bookstalls and elsewhere. And, when that time comes (as it seems it inexorably must), when I am faced with an embargo on physical access to my favorite books and films, I will simply employ a good picture framer to exteriorize my interior world of terrors and wonders, making it tenanted, and tangible, once more.

David J. Skal is the author of the seminal works *Hollywood Gothic: The Tangled Web of Dracula from Novel to Stage to Screen* and *The Monster Show*, in addition to many other books on horror and monsters in popular culture, including *Dracula: The Ultimate, Illustrated Edition of the World-Famous Vampire Play*, *Dark Carnival: The Secret World of Tod Browning*, *V Is for Vampire: The A-Z Guide to Everything Undead*, *Screams of Reason: Mad Science and Modern Culture*, *Dracula* (Norton Critical Editions), *Vampires: Encounters With the Undead*, *Death Makes a Holiday: A Cultural History of Halloween*, and *Romancing the Vampire: Collectors Vault*. He is presently completing a new “cultural biography,” *Bram Stoker: The Final Curtain*, and is a visiting lecturer in popular literature at Trinity College, Dublin.

I

INTRODUCTION



MOVIE MONSTERS AND THE PRINTED PAGE

Dave Kehr, in his introduction to *Art of the Modern Movie Poster: International Postwar Style and Design* (Chronicle Books, 2008), writes that “film posters retain an appeal and mystique that no advertisement for fruit-flavored vodka or cell phone services will ever be able to capture.... More than just marketing, these posters are invitations to the imagination, forever beckoning us to join new worlds.”¹ It is perhaps fortuitous then that horror cinema’s increasing acceptance in academe has provided a unique and rewarding opportunity to re-visit these valuable works. The movie posters in this volume provide a colorful visual history of “movie monsters,” recording the classic icons of the early black and white “talkies” (like *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*) to the more contemporary zombie and slasher figures of the last thirty years, while chronicling also the decline of hand-painted posters, to the rise of photomontage posters that follow.

Posters perform much in the same manner as the films they advertise, demonstrating stylistic developments in response to shifting social and political needs and fears. Other similar works to the present volume, like Bruce Hershenson and Richard Allen’s *Attack of the ‘B’ Movie Posters (The Illustrated History of Movies Through Posters Series)* (Bruce Hershenson, 2001), *Horror Movie Posters (The Illustrated History of Movies Through Posters Series)* (Bruce Hershenson, 1998), and *Horror, Sci-Fi & Fantasy Movie Posters* (Bruce Hershenson, 1999), offer sweeping explications of these stylistic intricacies in their general introductions, while other works like James A. Gresham, Diane Andrews, and Joelle Gresham’s *Children of the Night: A Comprehensive Guide to Horror Posters* (Jim Gresham, 2008) and Graham Marsh and Tony Nourmand’s *Film Posters Horror* (Evergreen, 2006) provide sectional overviews or synopses that relay information mostly concerning production history and the current value of the posters themselves. Finally, Graham Marsh and Tony Nourmand’s *Horror Poster Art* (Aurum Press, 2004) provides absolutely stunning imagery and draws from production notes to offer concise historical and biographical discussions throughout the text. However, the loose organizational schemata it employs offers readers little guidance in tracing horror’s and the monster’s evolutionary progression in the cinema.

Without taking away the value of these notable precursors to the present work, it is important to observe that texts dealing with horror posters thus far (with the exception perhaps of the Marsh and Nourmand text) have remained predominantly Anglo-centric in their attempts to catalogue and elucidate horror's and the monster's visual appeal by relying too heavily on Western advertisements, in lieu of a more globalized, multicultural sample. Thus, they offer little to readers in terms of scope and international appeal. The present volume aims to rectify this neglect by offering readers a collectible illustrated reference of the most thrilling "movie monsters," from major as well as minor horror films, through the medium of international posters, as well as the more conventional domestic variety, with the addition of specially selected and strategically placed movie stills and publicity shots. I've employed a chronological organization to help show both cultural as well as technological developments in the cinema in order to reveal the history of the indelible "movie monster." While this book is comfortably situated to provide to the nostalgic, knowledgeable connoisseur of horror an invaluable visual reference, it is also equally suited, if not recommended for the burgeoning enthusiast as well.

Editing a book of this sort, of which there were many similar volumes in my youth, is for me both nostalgic and fulfilling. For, with its writing comes the realization of a dream of mine, to take part in the process of choosing films, images, and posters that best display, in all their beautiful, macabre form and crimson splendor, our most beloved monsters. I make no claim that those chronicled here are "the best." My selection of films for this volume is a rather eclectic assemblage of the monstrous, one that will gratify some and displease others, as horror films tend to instill in the hearts of viewers a most unusual, tenacious loyalty that is upheld and defended vehemently. Be that as it may, there is something here in this volume for everyone, and all manner of reader — from scholar to general enthusiast, from the 12-year-old backseat reader to the nostalgic 40-year-old father — will delight in its phantasmagoria of colors, knives, bloodstains, and terror-stricken faces.

1. Dave Kehr, Introduction to *Art of the Modern Movie Poster: International Postwar Style and Design*, ed. Judith Salavetz, Spencer Drate, and Sam Sarowitz (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2008), 9.

1

THE 1920s



THE TWENTIES: AN EMERGENCE OF HORROR

Horror film iconography after World War I was particularly stylish, owing to the genre's roots in the intensely visual style of German expressionism. Unforgettable compositions of light and shadow were a hallmark of films like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920) as well as their promotional graphics. Like *Caligari*, *Der Golem* (1920), and *Nosferatu* (1922), silent American horror pictures were intended as prestige efforts rather than genre programmers. They differed from their European prototypes in resisting frankly fantastic themes — American “monsters” in the 1920s — often played by Lon Chaney, “The Man of a Thousand Faces,” were always revealed to be human agents, either disfigured or disguised. It would take the coming of sound, and Universal’s *Dracula* (1931) in particular, to convince Hollywood to openly embrace supernaturalism.

~David J. Skal



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (1920).

As an actor John Barrymore would model his performances on tarantulas in the zoo as much as the grand tradition of nineteenth-century stage melodrama and this film demonstrates both. His astonishing performance as he transforms before our eyes or haunts himself in nightmare visions is at the heart of this powerful adaptation which portrays a society that is divided – and syphilitic.

Richard J. Hand

The Golem.

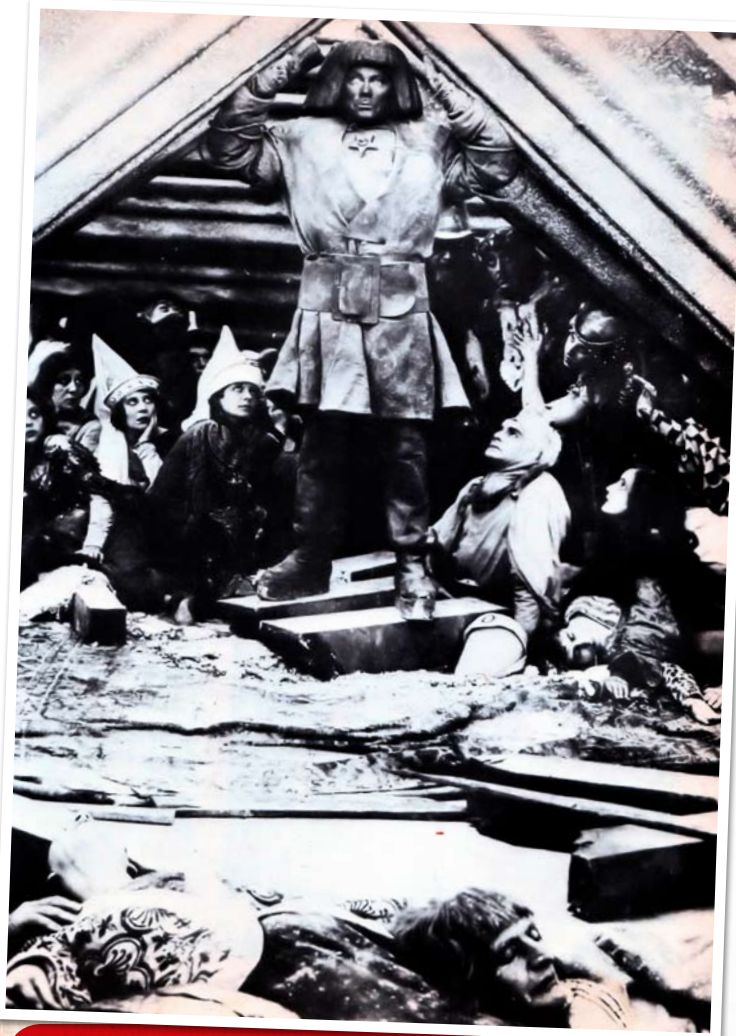
Projektions-AG Union (1920).

I have, for years, been fascinated by the Golem, who, unfortunately, has never received as much publicity or recognition as his great, great grandson Frankenstein's Monster.

The bizarre sets, the shock of seeing the Golem come to life, the hideous, explosive rage of the huge creature running wild through the streets – and then the climax, where a small child innocently obliterates the magic word, causing the Golem to crash lifelessly to the ground.

Obviously our friend the Golem has had far more influence on monsters through the years than most people realize. For what is considered by many to be a minor personage, the Golem is very much in evidence in numerous shapes, forms and guises.

Jeanne Keyes Youngson



The Golem.

Projektions-AG Union (1920).

As a faithful 13-year-old reader of Famous Monsters of Filmland, seeing stills from this film, I had to say, "Nah, the Golem looks silly, not scary," an awful lot like something you make up with mud and sand and water and a pail and shovel. But I so trusted the word of "Uncle Forry" that I was sure if I could only see this silent film, yeah, it would be terrifying ... Not that there was much chance of that. When I was 13, color television had yet to catch on, and DVD was either Denmark's secret police or a really nasty upper respiratory infection.

Then comes college and silent films are presented (more or less) as they were meant to be presented: Big(ger than TV) screen, sound (albeit on a track on the film itself and not emanating from a pit orchestra), and at last, I am seeing THE GOLEM.

Mort Castle



Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens.

Prana-Film GmbH/Jofa-Atelier Berlin-Johannisthal (1922).

Still the creepiest vampire film ever made. Its psychological terror is evoked by shadow and suggestion rather than special effects. Max Schreck literally embodies the unholy undead, looking more like the horror known to our ancestors instead of the antiseptic, glamorized creatures found in many vampire films today. I sympathize with Florence Stoker in her fight against the blatant plagiarism of Prana Film, but on the other hand, I am grateful that not all copies of the film were destroyed in accordance with court order. We would have lost a great classic!

Rosemary Ellen Guiley



Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens.

Prana-Film GmbH/Jofa-Atelier Berlin-Johannisthal (1922).

Nosferatu (1922) is for me the quintessential vampire film. I like my vampires to be SCARY-looking, and Max Schreck is really convincing in the title role (so convincing that Shadow of the Vampire [2000], in which he's revealed to be a real vampire, seems true to me!) We have F. W. Murnau and Albin Grau to blame for the revelation that vampires are destroyed by sunlight, actually a new idea that has since become firmly implanted in the world mind.

Leslie Klinger

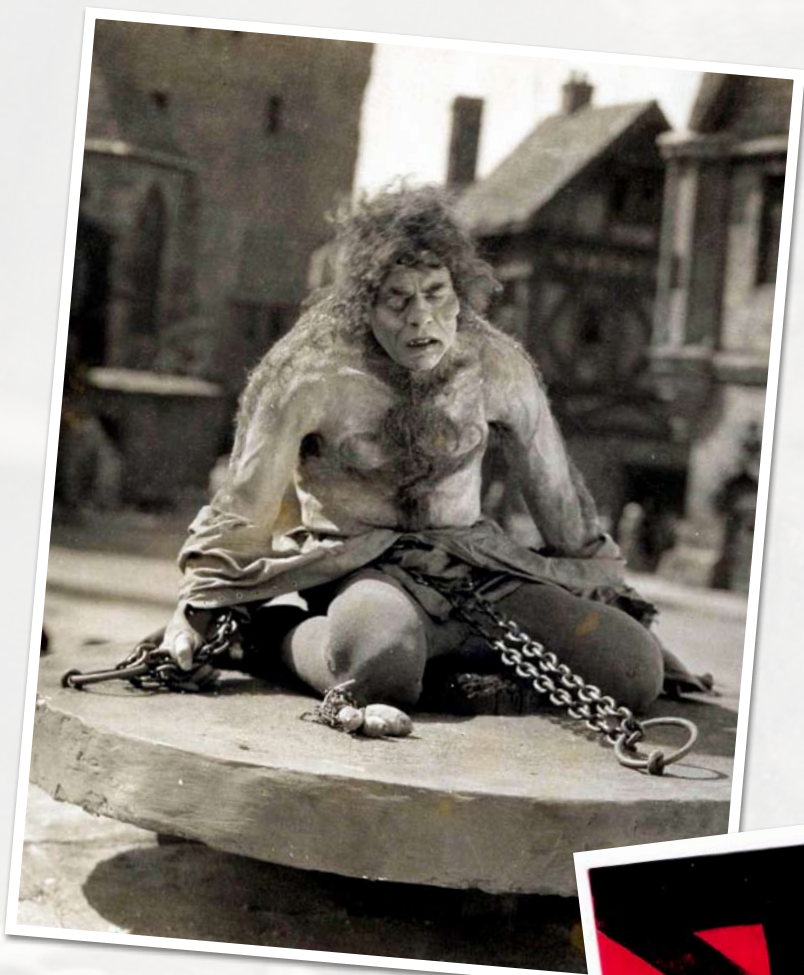


Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens.

Prana-Film GmbH/Jofa-Atelier Berlin-Johannisthal (1922).

It's been hard for subsequent vampires to match the astonishing bizarrerie of Max Schreck in Nosferatu, although the more conscientiously Byronic representations of Dracula by Bela Lugosi and Christopher Lee have a different kind of charisma.

Brian Stableford



The Hunchback of Notre Dame.
Universal Pictures (1923). France.

I think I recall first seeing the condensed (half hour) presentation of this one on the ABC TV show hosted by Ernie Kovacs Silents Please (1960-1961). The physicality of Lon Chaney swinging and jumping gave me the sensation I was watching something truly not human, the product of human and orangutan perhaps – ugly human and ugly orangutan.

We don't want it to be so, but genuinely ugly scares us, no matter how many "accept diversity/embrace ugly" workshops we attend.

Once more because of Illinois State University's film program, years later I had a chance to see the full length Chaney Hunchback. Terrific.

Mort Castle



The Phantom of the Opera.

Universal Pictures (1925). Sweden.

When I was 11, I saw pictures of Lon Chaney as "The Phantom" in Famous Monsters of Filmland. I took a job as a paperboy to earn enough to buy a hand-cranked 8mm projector and a full feature 8mm copy of the film. That got me "hooked" on Horror Films for the rest of my life. Chaney's unmasking scene still horrifies even after 86 years.

Philip J. Riley



The Phantom of the Opera.

Universal Pictures (1925).

In terms of more humanoid monsters, it's been difficult for many of the talkie versions to reproduce the sheer eeriness of silent portrayals by Lon Chaney, who was aided by the relatively poor quality of the cinema image in his day and the artificiality of silent film – however inappropriate that might seem, at first glance, to such productions as The Phantom of the Opera.

Brian Stableford



London After Midnight.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (1927). Argentina.

While working for Forrest J Ackerman in the 70s, I found out that the film itself was considered "lost." After months of work, I reconstructed the film using stills and silent film titles in book form, but nothing could compare to seeing Lon Chaney's vampire in the actual film.

Philip J. Riley



Sir Henry Irving (as Mephistopheles). c. 1885.

ON THE PROTOTYPE OF COUNT DRACULA

From the very first brief notes he made in March 1890 for his novel *Dracula* (1897), Bram Stoker shows how a relationship of power, possession, and control was at the frenzied heart of his defining vampire tale. This was a relationship paralleled in life by Stoker and the long-term employer he served and hero-worshipped at London's Lyceum Theatre, the demonic Shakespearean actor Henry Irving. The notes tell of an encounter between a "young man" and an "old dead man" who roams his "old Styria Castle" in a "waking trance." This is not a bad description of the compulsive acting style adopted by Irving when playing such roles as Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*, his most successful and startling role, as depicted here. The Devil competes with Divinity to have Mastery over vulnerable souls which, once "bitten," loyally follow his commanding and possessive power. In Stoker's condensed notes, the young man "goes out sees girls one tries to kiss him not on lips but throat" when suddenly the "Old Count interferes" and with "rage & fury diabolical" admonishes them: "this man belongs to me I want him." The Romantic Irishman, Stoker was seduced into serving Mephisto-like Irving from his first encounter in 1876, not to be released from his Master until 1903, when Irving collapsed on stage and died. Stoker's only son, Noel, thought the demonic Irving had "worn out" Bram — it seems so — one man's life-energy drained so that vampire icon Count Dracula could be created and live forever.

~Maurice Hindle



Bram Stoker (1847-1912). Virtual Museum, Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, from the Illustrated London News.



Dracula.
Universal Pictures (1931).

Dracula (1931) by Tod Browning, based on the highly successful stage play that also starred Lugosi, is a milestone of monster movies. It forever changed the image of the vampire (for the worse, IMHO) from the monstrous creature of Nosferatu to the "lounge-lizard" foreign romantic adventurer. It's ironic that Carl Laemmle, Jr. desperately wanted to cast anyone but Lugosi in the title role (he conducted a national talent search), because of course Lugosi will always be remembered for this iconic portrayal. The script played fast and loose with Stoker's original tale, conflating characters and eliminating the great action in Whitby and Transylvania, but the scenes of seduction are true to the underlying sexual elements of the book.

Leslie Klinger

Dracula.
Universal Pictures (1931).

Despite all challenges, Dracula retains his status as the most powerful and complex of all vampires, bar none, because as a literary figure he entwined the darkly sexualized subconscious of a deeply repressed culture. Bela Lugosi produced a subtle malevolence that successfully transmitted a larger-than-life, blacker-than-death aura. He was as attractive in that Kierkegaardian sense of dread as he was repellent. He left you unsettled but wanting more.

Katherine Ramsland



Dracula (Spanish Dracula).
Universal Pictures (1931).

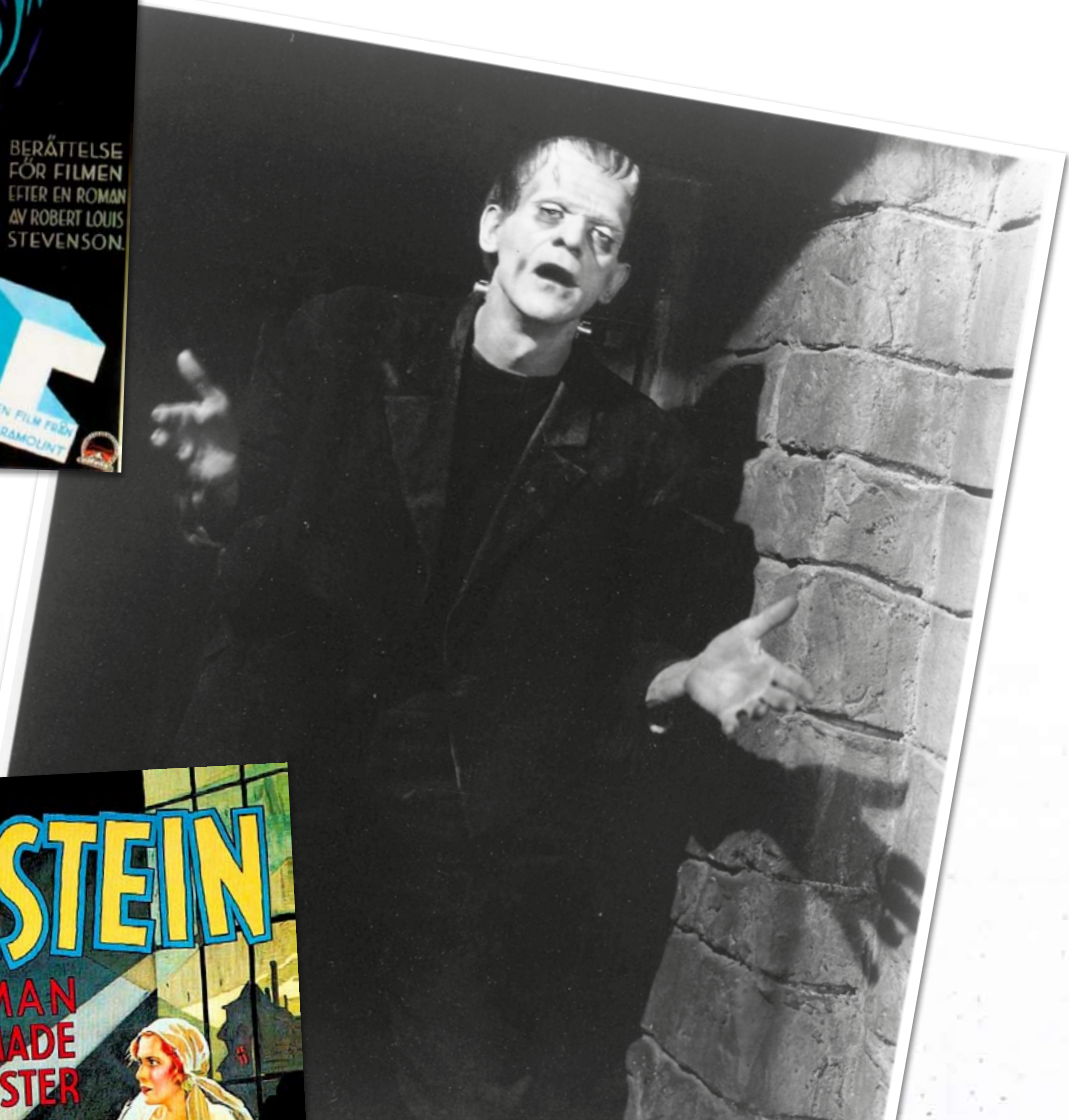
A fascinating film, to be watched by every fan of the Tod Browning English-language version. Shot on the same sets as the popular film, the crew worked at night, following almost literally in the footsteps of the Browning crew. Not only are the actors better (and sexier) than those in the English-language version (with the exception of Lugosi, of course – I always find that Carlos Villarias reminds me of a dentist), the script is a significant improvement! The puzzle of Lucy's fate is resolved, and the added length of the film (almost 30 minutes longer than Browning's) allows for deeper character development.

Leslie Klinger





Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Paramount Pictures (1931). Sweden.



Frankenstein.
Universal Pictures (1931).

Bela Lugosi, after the success of *Dracula*, actually had been originally cast and done test footage, as the creature in *Frankenstein*. But it was a then unknown actor, Boris Karloff, who turned what was a radical handicap for the actor who played the nameless creature – the inability to speak – into an eloquent testimony of the creature's childlike innocence and humanity.

Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart

Frankenstein.

Universal Pictures (1931).

Boris Karloff, who had endured the grueling make-up sessions and the physical stress of acting the part of the creature, later suffered from severe health problems. Thus, he became one of the strongest advocates of actors' rights.

Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart



M.

Nero-Film AG (1931).



The Mummy.

Universal Pictures (1932).



The Mummy.

Universal Pictures (1932). Sweden.





King Kong.
 RKO Radio Pictures (1933).

NYC Monster Kids like me fondly recall the time WWOR Channel 9 aired this movie for a whole week on their MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE. By Friday night, I knew the movie by heart!

Tony Timpone



Son of Kong.
 RKO Radio Pictures (1933).



Bride of Frankenstein.

Universal Pictures (1935). France.

Bride of Frankenstein is best experienced back to back with the original 1931 Frankenstein since they are essentially one film – the second picks up right at the moment the first ends (although Dwight Frye, the murdered Fritz of the first film, is somehow resurrected as Karl in the second). Bride is unquestionably the better of the two, a visually stunning film with a stirring score by Franz Waxman and the inimitable Ernest Thesiger as Dr. Pretorius.

F. Paul Wilson



Bride of Frankenstein.

Universal Pictures (1935).

Elsa Lanchester, who played both Mary Shelley and the creature's bride, is reputed to have learned how to make the sounds she produced as the female monster from watching swans at a park in London. In her view, because swans were as beautiful as they could be vicious, they were a fitting exemplar.

Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello Meet the Mummy.
Universal International Pictures (1955). Australia.



Revenge of the Creature.
Universal International Pictures (1955). Spain.



Tarantula.
Universal International Pictures (1955). Germany.



The Werewolf.
Clover Productions (1956).



Forbidden Planet.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (1956). Italy.

I remember being absolutely riveted by Forbidden Planet when I somehow got into a cinema to see it at the age of 11 or 12, although the movie now seems quite ordinary, especially if viewed on TV; that id-creature, invisibly running amok, still has a special place in my memory in consequence of having viewed it at the fright time and place.

Brian Stableford



Rodan.
Toho Film (Eiga) Co. Ltd. (1956).



"Do you know what the
most **FRIGHTENING** thing
in the world is...?"

PEEPING TOM

CERTIFICATE
X
ADULTS ONLY

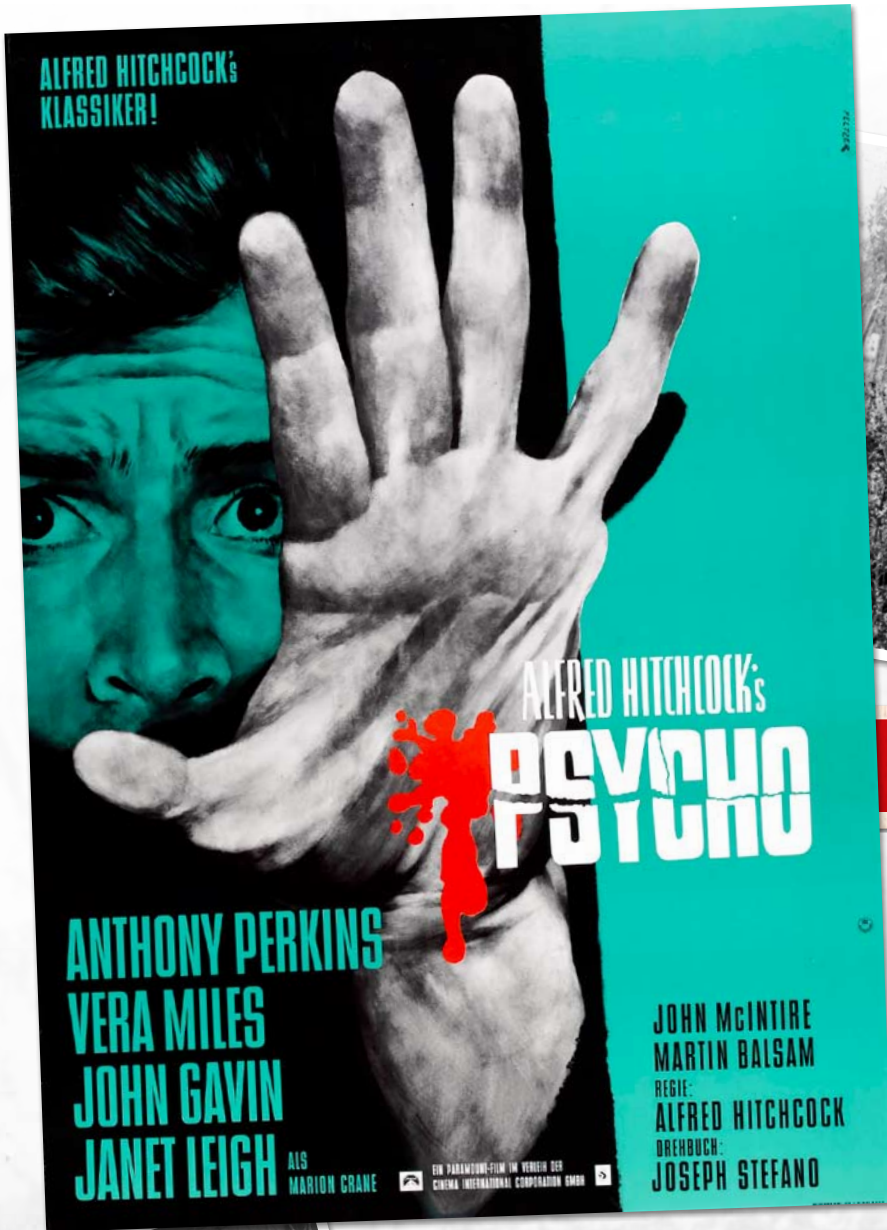
CARL BOEHM
MOIRA SHEARER
ANNA MASSEY
MAXINE AUDLEY

IN EASTMAN COLOUR
Original Story and Screenplay by **LEO MARKS**
Produced and Directed by **MICHAEL POWELL**

Distribution by **ANGLO AMALGAMATED FILM DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED**



Peeping Tom.
Michael Powell (Theatre) (1960). UK.



Psycho.
Shamley Productions (1960). Germany.

ON *PSYCHO* (1960) AND MODERN HORROR

Hitchcock's extraordinary mordant joke with tremendous, paradigmatic performances and music. It presents a fissured and split world, whether in the psyche of the killer at its heart or the overarching structure of the banal modern world versus the Bates's neo-gothic mansion. The starkness of the divisions should not work, but they do. The fullest horrors hang or stagger or swing or sink between: hanging onto a shower curtain, staggering backwards down the stairs, a lightbulb swings to and fro, a car sinks into a swamp. The modern world is born in this cultural product as radically as it is in the Beatles' first LP or the Lady Chatterley's Lover obscenity trial...

~Richard J. Hand





Psycho.

Shamley Productions (1960). Israel.

My all-time favorite horror film, granddaddy of the modern slasher. A spine-tinglingly delight from start to finish. Never gets old. Pure Hitchcock genius. And, oh, that Bernard Herrmann score!

Tony Timpone

Psycho.

Shamley Productions (1960).

Shower scene, shower scene, shower scene. Not only is the execution of this graphic murder brilliant, but its location in the story is unprecedented. We've been with Marion Crane since the beginning of the movie, and to have her dispatched so unceremoniously all of a sudden is beyond disorienting.

Bev Vincent



The Innocents. Achilles/Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation (1960). Australia.

The Innocents heads my list. It is the cinematic version of William Archibald's play of that title, which was based on the Henry James classic, *The Turn of the Screw*. Its cast is perfect: Deborah Kerr, Peter Wyngarde, Megs Jenkins, Pamela Franklin, Martin Stephens, and a cameo appearance by Michael Redgrave. Effectively photographed in black and white by Freddie Francis, it features two ghosts – or does it? – who may be trying to possess two children. The maddening ambiguity of the James original is brilliantly captured by the director Jack Clayton and Truman Capote, who did the screen adaptation.

Marvin Kaye



The Curse of the Werewolf.
Hammer Film Productions (1961). France.



The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb. Hammer Film Productions/Swallow Productions Ltd. (1964). Germany.



Dracula Prince of Darkness. Seven Arts Productions, Hammer Film Productions (1966). France.

I cannot remember when or where I first saw *Dracula: Prince of Darkness*. It was probably on television back in the 1970s, but the film possesses an aura of familiarity that makes pinning down that first encounter difficult. For me, it is the quintessential Hammer horror, the one in which the Hammer formula of the 1950s and 1960s is reduced down to its essence. It is spare, elegant, and stern, and it feels as if it has always been inside my head.

Peter Hutchings

Dark Shadows.
Dan Curtis Productions (1966-1971).

Barnabas opened the door to the complex vampire who felt trapped by his monstrosity, who wanted to be loved, and who tried to contain – even cure – his bloodlust. His visibility to millions of TV fans humanized the vampire genre in both subtle and dramatic ways.

Katherine Ramsland



Frankenstein Created Woman.
Hammer Film Productions (1967). Japan.

Hammer's *Frankenstein Created Woman* (1967) is based on Anthony Hinds' script, written in 1958, "And Frankenstein Created Woman," in parodic mimicry of the then popular *And God Created Woman*, starring Brigitte Bardot. But Hammer's reiteration of the script was far from parodic, and the young woman who played the female creature, Susan Denberg, was a twenty-two-year-old Austrian Playboy "playmate," whose constant appearances in mini-skirts were much-heralded by the press.

Caroline Joan (Kay) Picart



Carrie.

Redbank Films (1976). Spain.

Piper Laurie apparently treated the movie as if it was a comedy, which gives her performance a manic quality. If there's a monster in this movie, it's Margaret White, not Carrie, who is pitiful and pitiable until the moment where she unleashes her full power in retribution against all those who have persecuted her – her mother being the worst offender. The split-screen presentation of certain scenes might have been distracting, but it worked. The casting was all over the map, but de Palma extracted brilliant performances from everyone. "They're all going to laugh at you." How haunting is that? Every schoolgirl's worst nightmare.

Bev Vincent



Carrie.

Redbank Films (1976).

One of the best Stephen King adaptations was also the first. And director Brian De Palma even improved on the original book! First time I witnessed full-frontal female nudity in a film. It was the talk of the school yard back in '76!

Tony Timpone

Carrie.

Redbank Films (1976). Japan.

I saw this during the 1970s on a double bill with Piranha. In those pre-video, DVD, and Internet days, it was still possible not to know about the shock ending. It is the only time in my life that I have witnessed an entire audience screaming in unison. But there is so much more to Carrie than its ending or its bravura visual style. Superb performances from Sissy Spacek and Piper Laurie give the film heart and pathos and make its drama as memorable as any of its shock effects.

Peter Hutchings



THOSE WHO FORETOLD IT
ARE DEAD.

THOSE WHO CAN STOP IT
ARE IN GRAVE DANGER.



THE OMEN

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX Presents

GREGORY PECK LEE REMICK
THE OMEN

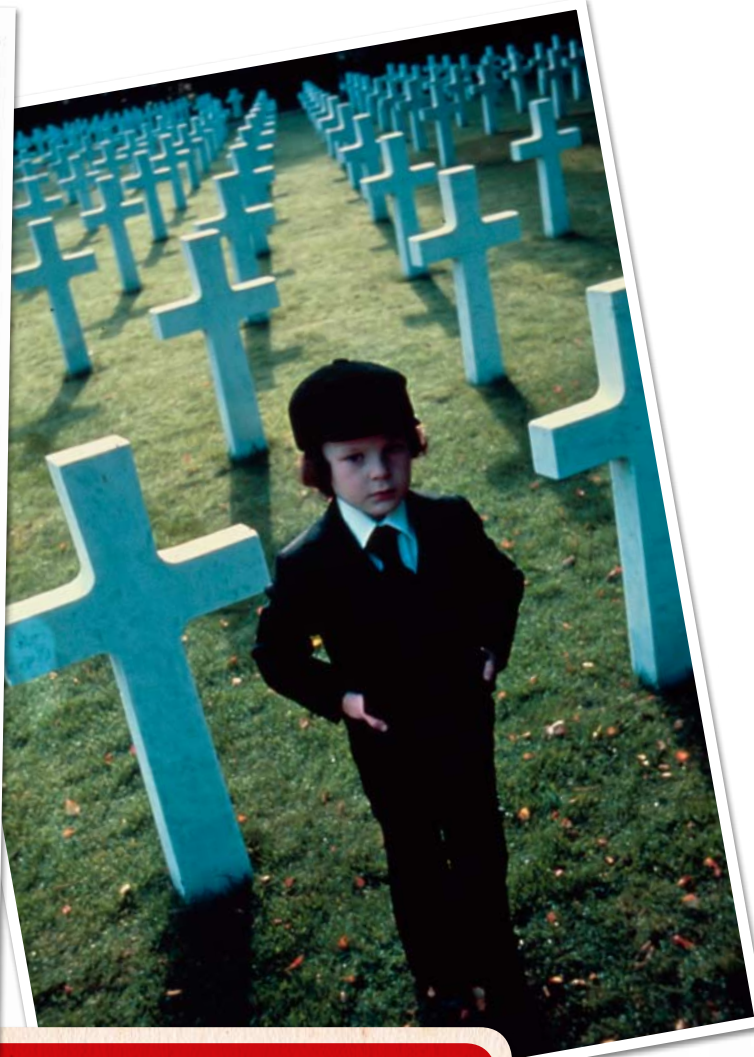
A HARVEY BERNHARD-MACE NEUFELD PRODUCTION

Co-starring DAVID WARNER BILLIE WHITELAW

Executive Producer MACE NEUFELD Produced by HARVEY BERNHARD Directed by RICHARD DONNER
Written by DAVID SELTZER Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH PANAVISION® Finely DELUXE®

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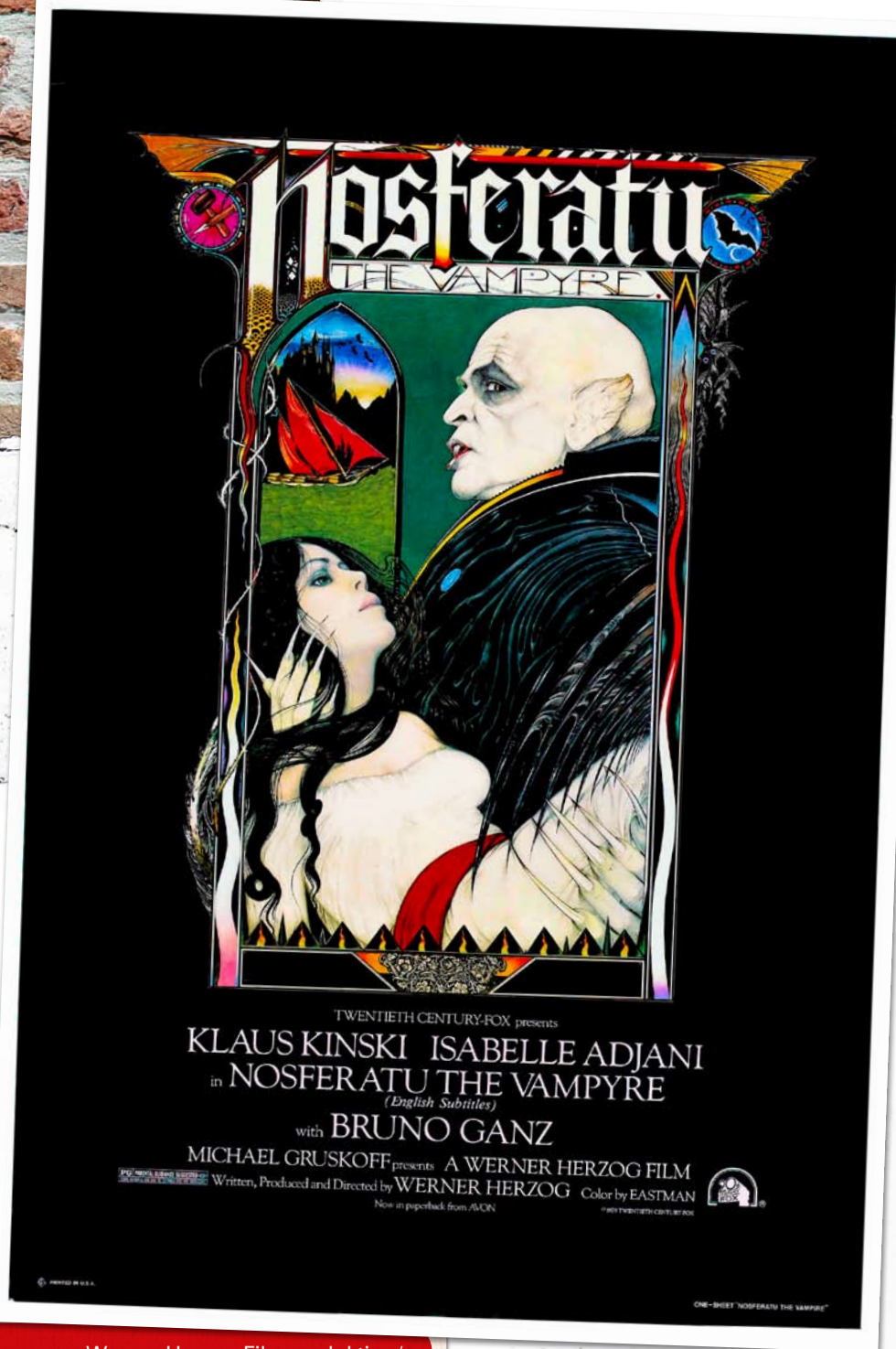
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM ON TATTOO RECORDS AND TAPES. DISTRIBUTED BY R.C.A. RECORDS



The Omen.

Twentieth Century-Fox Productions (1976).





Nosferatu the Vampyre. Werner Herzog Filmproduktion/
 Gaumont/Zweites Deutsches Fernsehen (1979).

Werner Herzog's remake of the 1922 Prana Film classic is one of the few remakes of horror films that can stand on its own as a gripping experience. Klaus Kinski looks like a reincarnation of Max Schreck. My favorite scene is when the plague-bearing rats stream out through town, an unholy event juxtaposed against one of the holiest of musical compositions, "Sanctus" from Gounod's "Mass of St. Cecilia." It made me a fan!

Rosemary Ellen Guiley



Phantasm.

New Breed Productions Inc. (1979).

This low-budget film functions best if interpreted as the subconscious fantasy of a lonely, adolescent kid attempting to make sense of all the death he sees around him, both in his town and in his immediate family. The Tall Man and his minions symbolize evil, but evil as viewed by a child, both a little scary and a little silly too. As human beings, we construct mythologies and religion around our mortality, and Phantasm gets at that notion better than just about any horror film ever made. It's the bad dream of a kid who wakes up one day to realize that life is full of death, and that there are no do-overs.

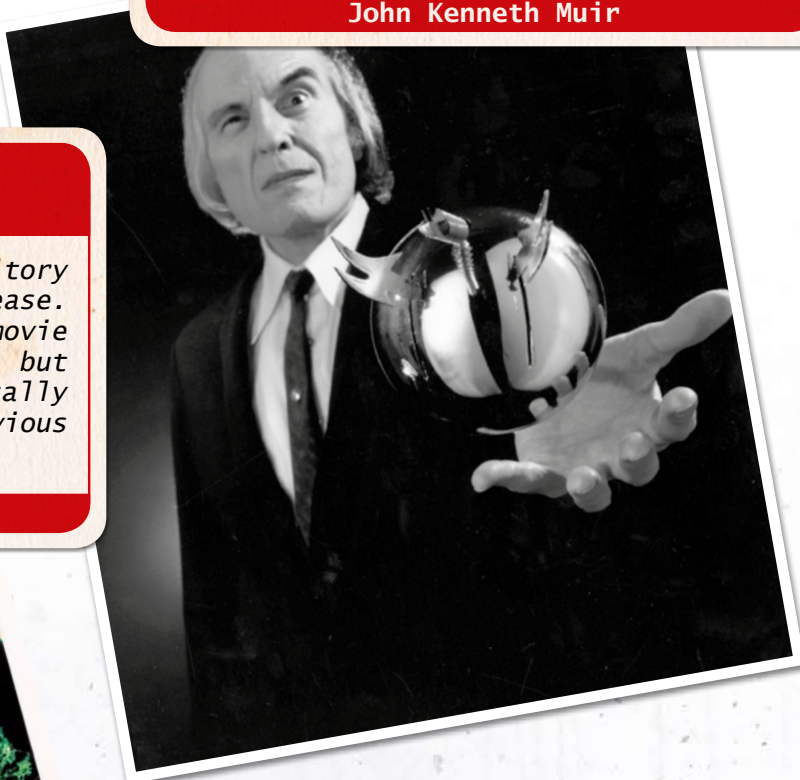
John Kenneth Muir

Phantasm.

New Breed Productions Inc. (1979).

I saw this on VHS in a dark dormitory room about five years after its release. I don't remember a lot about this movie other than the flying "sneetches," but I recall it as being a terrifically effective horror film despite its obvious low budget.

Bev Vincent



Dracula.

Universal Pictures/The Mirisch Corporation (1979).

One of the most disgusting things about John Badham's interpretation of Dracula is the film's orality. Not only is Dracula a bloodsucker, but Dr. Seward (played by Donald Pleasance) is always eating something, making it rather difficult to discern who the monsters are in this film.

Carol A. Senf

The Shining.

Warner Bros. Pictures/Hawk Films/Peregrine (1980).

There is at least one psychologically frightening moment in Stanley Kubrick's The Shining, when the camera shows us what its deeply disturbed protagonist has been writing. But The Shining does not make my personal list because Jack Nicholson's way-over-the-top hamming scuttled it for me.

Marvin Kaye

КОЛЛЕКЦИЯ СТЭНЛИ КУБРИКА



ФИЛЬМ СТЭНЛИ КУБРИКА
СИЯНИЕ



The Fog.

AVCO Embassy Pictures/EDI/Debra Hill Productions (1980).

The past comes back to haunt a coastal community, and it comes in a fog. A lot of people confuse this with King's The Mist, but they are very different creatures. It's set on the west coast, but it feels like it should have been on the east coast, off the coast of Maine or Massachusetts.

Bev Vincent

Wolfen. Orion Pictures Corporation/
King-Hitzy Productions (1981). Thailand.

Wolfen effectively reconfigures the labyrinthine fears conventionally associated with the urban Gothic to articulate the terrors underlying the progressive and modern world of New York City and the anonymity and paranoia that have come to characterize the inhabitants of the contemporary urban space.

Glennis Byron



Imagine your
worst fear
a reality.

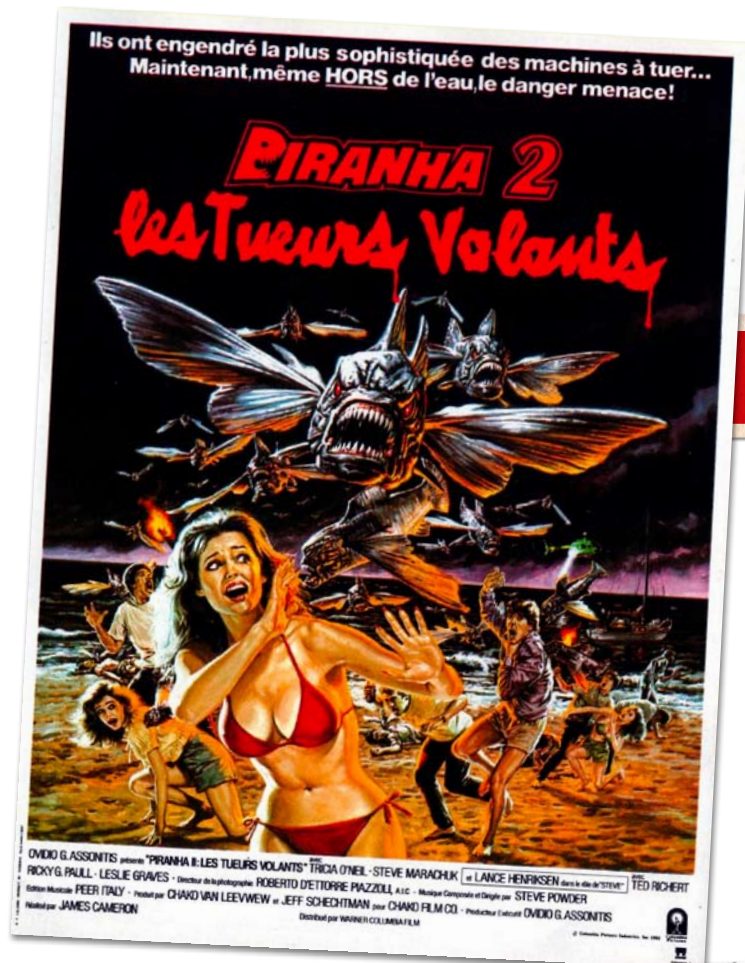
THE HOWLING

A DANIEL H. BLATT PRODUCTION "THE HOWLING"
Starring DEE WALLACE · PATRICK MACNEE · DENNIS DUGAN
CHRISTOPHER STONE · BELINDA BALASKI · KEVIN MCCARTHY
JOHN CARRADINE · SLIM PICKENS And introducing ELISABETH BROOKS
Executive Producers DANIEL H. BLATT and STEVEN A. LANE
Screenplay by JOHN SAYLES and TERENCE H. WINKLESS
Based on the novel by MICHAEL FINNELL and JACK CONRAD
Produced by MICHAEL FINNELL and JACK CONRAD
Directed by JOE DANTE
Presented by AVCO EMBASSY INTERNATIONAL FILM INVESTORS and WESCOM PRODUCTIONS
ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON VARIOUS SARBANDANCE RECORDS
(SEE THE EMBASSY FOR DETAILS) Music by PINO DONAGGIO
AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES Release R
© 1981 AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES CORP.

The Howling. AVCO Embassy Pictures/
International Film Investors/Wescom Productions (1981).

The Evil Dead.
Renaissance Pictures (1981). Japan.





Piranha Part Two: The Spawning. Brouwersgracht Investments/Chako Film Company (1981). France.



Friday the 13th Part 2. Georgetown Productions Inc. (1981). Turkey.



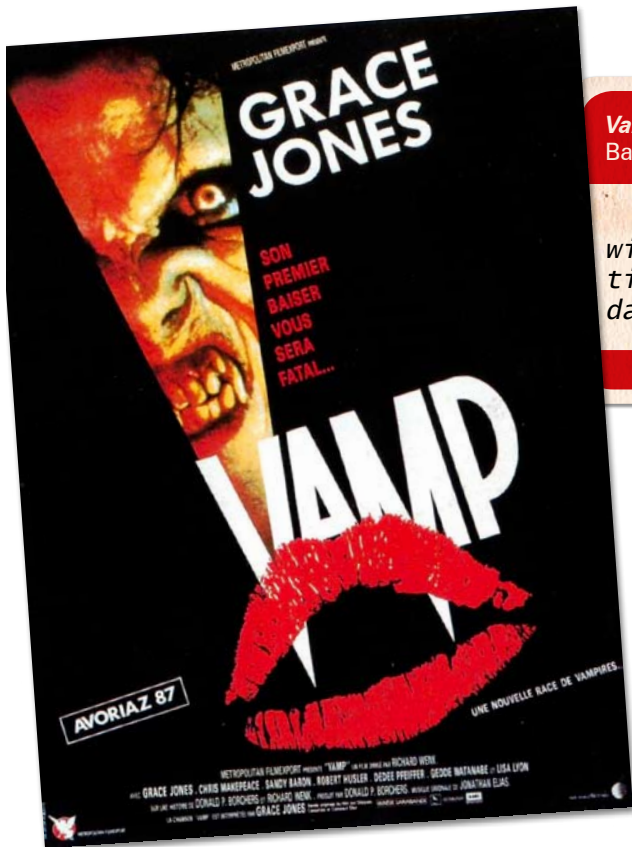
My Bloody Valentine.
Canadian Film Development Corporation/Famous Players/
Paramount Pictures/Secret Films (1981) Germany.



Q: The Winged Serpent.
Arkoff International, Larco Productions (1982).



Cat People.
RKO Pictures/Universal Pictures (1982).



Vamp.

Balcor Film Investors/Planet Productions (1986).

Fun little New World horror comedy, with Grace Jones never better as the titular bloodsucker. Expect a remake any day now...

Tony Timpone



Jason Lives Friday the 13th Part VI.
Paramount Pictures/Terror Films Inc. (1986).



Maximum Overdrive.

De Laurentiis Entertainment Group (1986). Spain.

Give someone enough rope and he will hang himself. Stephen King doesn't quite hang himself with his one and only directing appearance, but there are probably some rope burns around his neck. The basic concept is risible – all the machines on the planet become sentient and they're pissed. The transport with the green goblin face is perhaps the movie's most lingering image, and the AC/DC soundtrack is terrific. King's cameo at the foul-mouthed ATM is funny, and the attack of the soda machine is well executed, too.

Bev Vincent

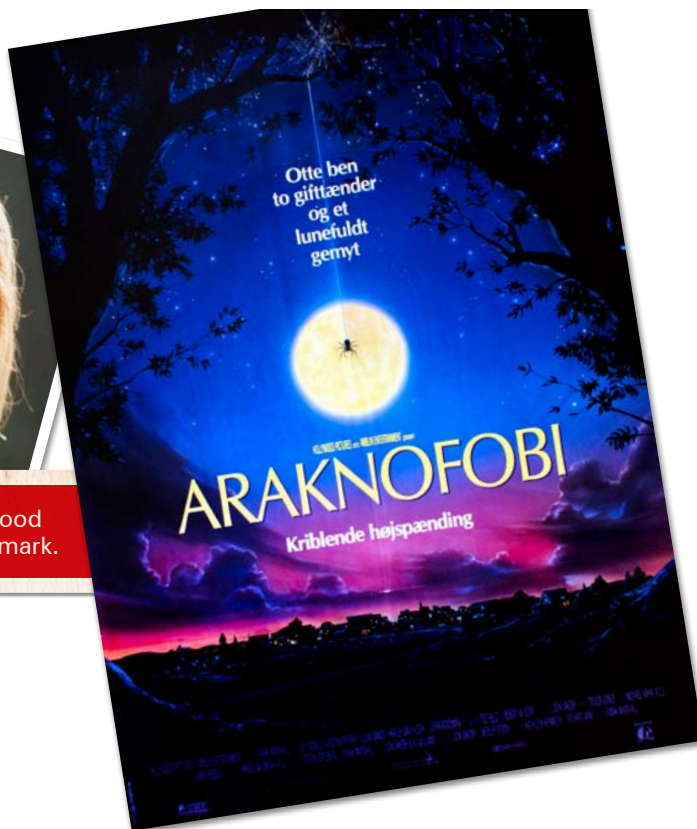


Hellraiser. Cinemarque Entertainment BV/
Film Futures/Rivdel Films (1987). Japan.





Arachnophobia. Amblin Entertainment/Hollywood Pictures/Tangled Web Productions (1990). Denmark.

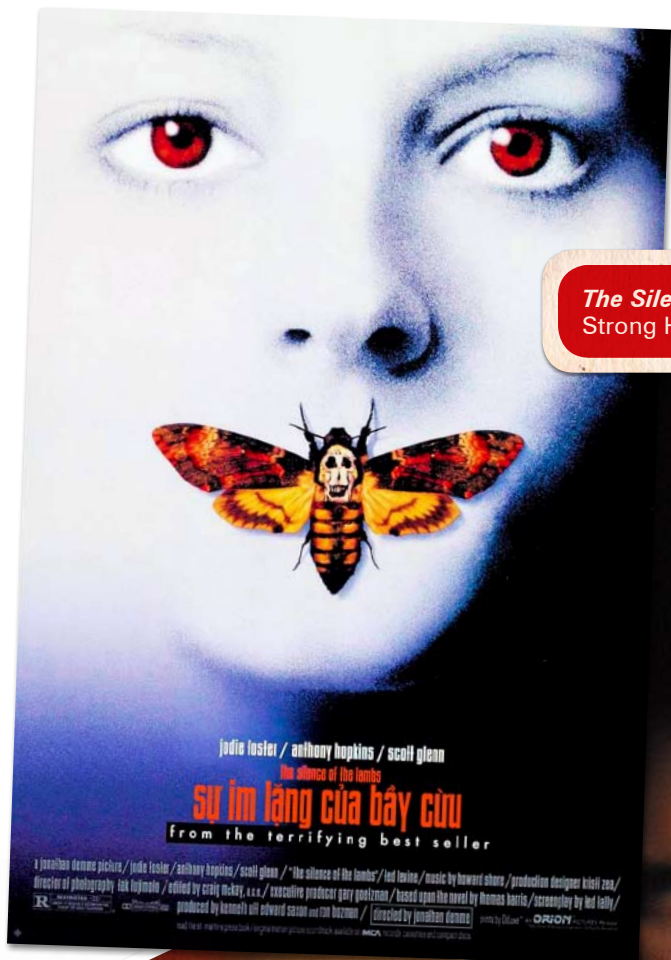


Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare. New Line Cinema/Nicolas Entertainment (1991).

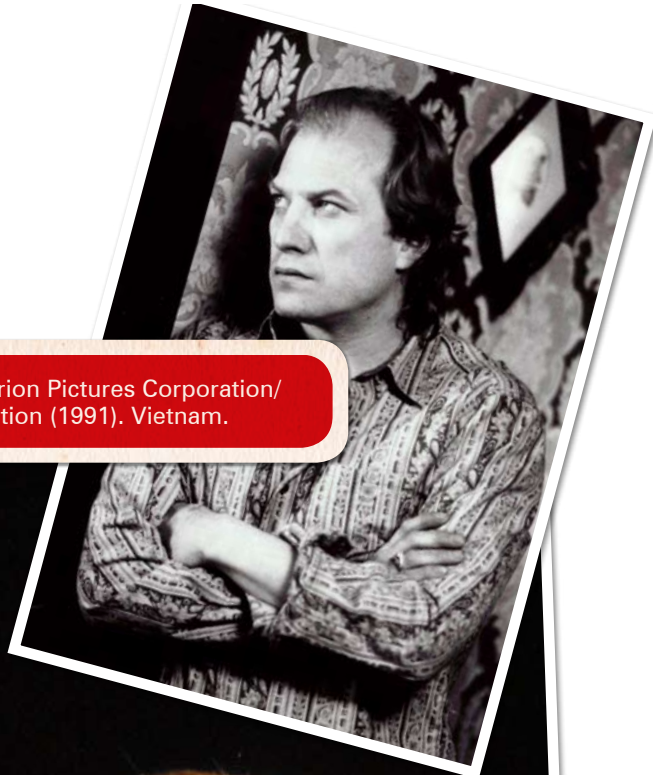


Child's Play 3. Universal Pictures (1991).





The Silence of the Lambs. Orion Pictures Corporation/
Strong Heart/Demme Production (1991). Vietnam.



ON TECHNOSCIENCE AND VAMPIRISM

Supernatural horror requires from the viewer an investment in the spiritual that modernity and technoscience have undermined, if not altogether destroyed. Unlike her contemporaries working the Gothic, Mary Shelley stands as a harbinger of the fact that, unlike the semi-religious awe, science fiction wants us to experience in the face of science and technology, horror will turn out to be a far more convincing response. Who cares what damage the vampire does to my immortal soul when I can wonder whether, by some heedless sexual encounter, I have let myself become infected with a virus that rewrites my body from the inside out?

Steffen Hantke



Blade. Amen Ra Films/Imaginary Forces/
Marvel Enterprises/New Line Cinema (1998). Russia



Psycho.
Universal Pictures/Imagine Entertainment (1998).

The Haunting of Hill House.
DreamWorks SKG/Roth-Arnold Productions (1999).

Panned by the critics for the excessive use of CGI and horror clichés, Jan de Bont's The Haunting of Hill House may end up being best remembered for attracting 5 Razzie award nominations. For a truly disturbing experience, stick to Shirley Jackson's original novel (1959) or Robert Wise's genuinely creepy film adaptation, The Haunting (1963): who can forget the grin given by Rosalie Crutchley as Mrs. Dudley when she tells Eleanor, "there won't be anyone around if you need help . . . No one lives any nearer than town. No one will come any closer than that. In the night . . . In the dark."

ON HORROR'S HAYDAY

I'm not a fan of the current rash of "torture porn" one-offs, and franchises...or the endless remakes (what *were* they thinking when they thought they could actually add anything worthwhile to new versions of *Psycho*, *The Haunting*, *The House on Haunted Hill*, *Cat People*, *The Fog*, and so on?). If only they would learn that just because one has access to all manner of SFX devices and a budget to accommodate endless hours using them should not mean they have to do so. It seems to me that movie-makers should pay more attention to the old adage that less is more.

~Peter Crowther

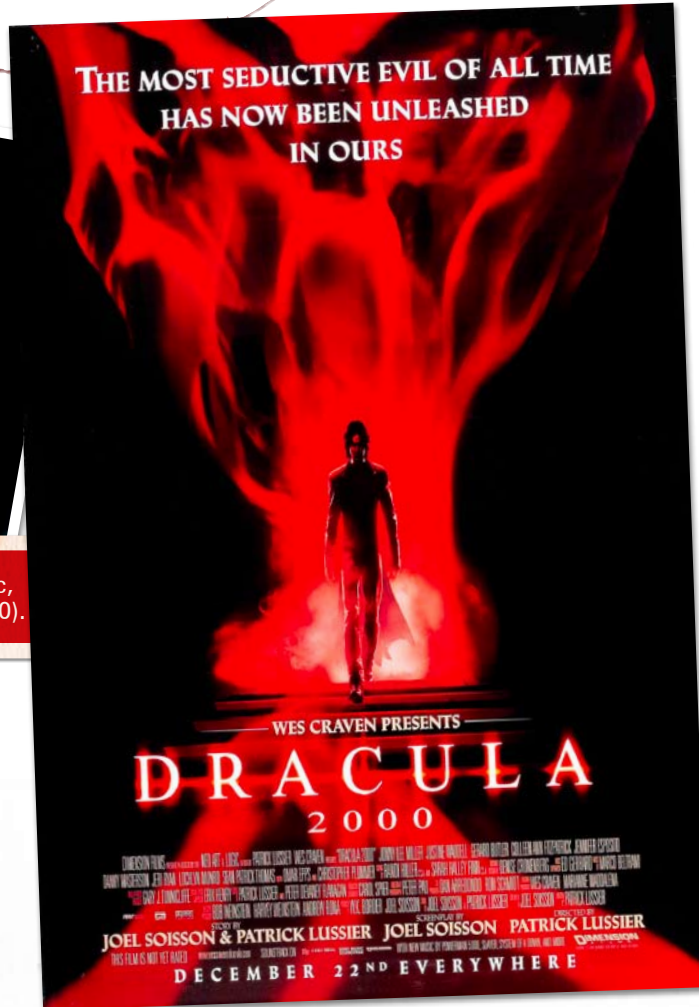


9

THE 2000s



Dracula 2000. Dimension Films, Neo Art & Logic, Wes Craven Films, Carfax Productions Ltd. (2000).



Jason X. Crystal Lake Entertainment/ Friday X Productions/New Line Cinema (2001).

This much-maligned space-set Friday the 13th movie is better than you'd expect because, thankfully, its (severed) tongue is firmly in cheek. Best bit: Jason's hologram fantasy. A few memorable kills too.

Tony Timpone

